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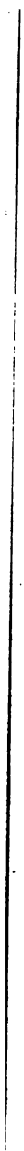
SEVER 27

DISCIPULIS

**Quem sequimur longe? te, dilectissime Naso:
longius et sequimur te, venerande Maro.**

PREFACE

THE author desires to express his sincere thanks for the kind permission which has been given him to print poems by the following writers: Miss C. Fox Smith, 'Moirá O'Neill,' Mr. R. C. Lehmann, Mr. D. Nutt, Mr. H. Belloc, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and Mr. E. Myers; and to thank his friend and colleague, Mr. R. L. A. Du Pontet, for his valuable help in revision.



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FAIR COPIES

I

THERE never was a fortnight that spun itself away,
 so fast as yours in England, which ended yesterday ;
 we could not stay your parting, though each did all he
 knew,

and now we fill the void, dear, with memories of you.
 It seemed to be our birthright—we used it with a zest—
 to set to work at guessing, when pretty Martha guessed,
 and when we marked with rapture her voice's rise
 and fall,

we aimed at speech like Martha's, and missed it, one
 and all.

And now you're on the sea, dear, while I am on the
 land ;

I cannot see your glances, I cannot grasp your hand,
 and, oh, the waves that toss you, they cannot injure me,
 since I am on the land, dear, and you are on the sea.
 Yes, now old Neptune sways you. You do not like
 him much ;

he adds to lack of humour too boisterous a touch.

You cannot wheedle him, dear, as once you wheedled me,
 who linger here lamenting, while you are on the sea.

R. C. LEHMANN.



I

HAC tibi finis heri fuerat tellure morandi;
quam cito bis septem praeteriere dies!
Finimus incassum causas quae, Chlorig, tenerent:
nunc vacuas mentes te memorare iuvat.
Chloris opinatur: quoties vox nota per aures
intrat, opinati nos quasi iure sumus.
Vox cadit et surgit tua: vocem sedulus eheu!
quisque sua frustra voce referre cupit.
Te mare iam vectat; nos in tellure manemus:
evasere oculi dextraque cara proco.
Non me quae miseram te commovet unda lacessit:
tu pelagus lustras: me mea terra tenet.
Iam tibi Neptunus dominatur, numen acerbum:
non ioca sed motus sufficit ille senex.
Fallere Neptunum sicut me nulla facultas,
qui queror avectam lusus abisse mari.

II

BESIDE them both, upon the soiled grass
 the dead corpse of an armed knight was spread,
 whose armour all with blood besprinkled was ;
 his ruddy lips did smile, and rosy red
 did paint his cheerful cheeks, yet being dead ;
 seemed to have been a goodly personage,
 now in his freshest flower of lustihed,
 fit to inflame fair ladies with love's rage,
 but that fierce fate did crop the blossom of his age.
 Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
 his heart 'gan wax as hard as marble stone,
 and his fresh blood did frieze with fearful cold,
 that all his senses seemed bereft at one :
 at last his mighty ghost gan deep to groan,
 as lion, grudging in his great disdain,
 mourns inwardly and to himself makes moan ;
 till ruth and frail affection did constrain
 his stout courage to stoop, and show his inward pain.

SPENSER.



II

HAUD procul inde viri polluta corpus in herba
morte iacet: multo destillant arma cruore.
Risus in ore fuit, superas ceu carperet auras,
purpureasque genas leto rubor inficit ipso.
Corpore praestanti fuerat, primaque iuventa
qui pulchras acri stimularet amore puellas.
Abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.
Quem simul ac Guion spectavit morte iacentem,
corda rigent veluti cautes, venisque per artus
sanguis hebet, sensusque timor paene abstulit omnes.
Pectore vix tandem suspiria ducit ab imo,
aspectu victus, Gaetuli more leonis,
qui dolet et doluisse gemit, cohibere sed iras
non potis est: penitus luget fremitusque coercet.
Sic pudor et pietas Guionis pectora tandem
edomuit, luctus ut significaret utrique.

III

AS a tall ship, tossed in troublous seas,
 whom raging winds, threatening to make the prey
 of the rough rocks, do diversely disease,
 meets two contrary billows by the way,
 that her on either side do sore assay,
 and boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
 she scorning both their spites, does make wide way,
 and with her breast breaking the foamy wave,
 does ride on both their backs, and fair herself does save.
 So boldly he him bears, and rusheth forth
 between them both, by conduct of his blade.
 Wondrous great prowess and heroic worth
 he showed that day, and rare ensample made,
 when two so mighty warriors he dismayed;
 attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and pays,
 now forced to yield, now forcing to invade,
 before behind and round about him lays;
 so double was his pains, so double be his praise.

SPENSER.



III

HAUD secus atque ingens navis vexata procellis
 quam venti praedam scopulis illidere certant,
 urgentque in medio, diversa a parte furentes;
 vixque resistantem gemini cursusque tenentem
 mole sua adversi fluctus utrimque lacessunt:
 mergere iam sperant, avidoque vorare sepulcro.
 Illa dolos duplices spernens contendit in aequor,
 atque undas rostris spumantes frangit et ambas
 invehitur seseque horrenda morte receptat.
 Sic adeo incedens Guion mucrone corusco
 pugnantes dirimit, non volnera mutua passus.
 Dicere quis poterit virtutem et fortia facta
 egregiasque viri laudes extollere verbis,
 qui bellatores dextra duo fuderat una?
 defenditque simul sese gladioque minatur;
 volnera dat patiturque simul; vim viribus exit;
 invitans modo luctantes modo cedere visus:
 caeruleum huc illuc ense circumque retorquet.
 Iure viro duplicis sit laus duplicata laboris.

IV

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
hid in this silent dull retreat,
untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow,
unseen thy little branches greet ;
no roving foot shall crush thee here,
no busy hand provoke a tear.
By Nature's self in white arrayed,
she bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
and planted here the guardian shade,
and sent soft waters murmuring by :
thus quietly thy summer goes.
thy days declining to repose.
Smit with those charms that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom ;
they died—nor were those flowers more gay,
the flowers that did in Eden bloom ;
unpitying frosts and autumn's power
shall leave no vestige of this flower.

P. FRENEAU.



IV

QUI colis hos saltus tacitos nemorumque recessus,
Quam paucis oculis, flos, tua forma placet!
Intactae manibus gemmae stant munere mellis,
nec quisquam extendi bracchia parva videt.
Pes temere incedens nullus te proteret umquam,
improba nec coget te lacrimare manus.
Induerat vestem niveam Natura creatrix,
et procul a volgo fronde latere iubet.
Hic tutela tibi situs umbris saltus opacis:
murmur et est gratum lene sonantis aquae.
Sic secure tibi tranquillo praeterit aestas:
autumnique manet debita sorte quies.
Quam decor iste placet, quam dulcis gratia formae!
cum recolo quae sint fata futura, gemo.
Mors superat flores: non ipsa Proserpina carpsit
tales cum per agros tenderet, Henna, tuos.
Restabit tanti decoris pars nulla: vorabunt
autumnusque rapax et glacialis hiems.

V

LOVE AND AGE

I PLAY'D with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
when I was six and you were four ;
when garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
were pleasures soon to please no more.
Thro' groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
with little playmates, to and fro,
we wander'd hand in hand together ;
but that was sixty years ago.
You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
and still our early love was strong ;
still with no care our days were laden,
they glided joyously along ;
and I did love you very dearly,
how dearly words want power to show ;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly ;
but that was fifty years ago.
Then other lovers came around you,
your beauty grew from year to year,
and many a splendid circle found you
the centre of its glittering sphere ;
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
on rank and wealth your hand bestow,
O, then, I thought my heart was breaking,
but that was forty years ago.
And I lived on, to wed another ;
no cause she gave me to repine ;
and when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.



V

TECUM lusus erat per prata virentia caltis :
 aestas sexta mihi quae tibi quarta fuit.
 Nectere tum flores (erat ah ! brevis illa voluptas)
 et roseo comites cura petisse globo.
 Per nemora huc illuc per florida prata per herbam
 palati teneram turba pusilla sumus.
 Huc illuc manibus iunctis ea turba vagatast :
 bis sex lustra seni iam periere mihi.
 Tempore tu lapso fis pulchra venustaque virgo,
 nec cedit lapso tempore primus amor.
 Presserat anxietas nostram non ulla iuventam :
 nil quod nos curis sollicitaret erat.
 Quam tibi fidus eram ! quam me bonus abstulit error !
 quis quae verba fidem testificentur habet ?
 Crederis ex aequo vinciri compede grata.
 Nunc post lustra decem mens mea vera videt.
 Tunc alii subeunt : prodis tu publica cura :
 tempore maior erat praetereunte venus.
 Te procerum coluere domus dominique superbi,
 te princeps inhiat turbaque dives opum.
 Tunc ego te vidi contentam coniuge diti
 et claro : ventis verba priora dabas.
 Ah ! tum credideram rumpi mea corda querendo ;
 octo lustra tamen praeteriere mihi.
 Pro te spondetur mihi coniunx altera tandem :
 nil in conubiis quod quereremur erat.
 Postmodo fama refert matrem te prole beatam,
 sed prolis volui non pater esse tuae.

My own young flock, in fair progression,
made up a pleasant Christmas row:
my joy in them was past expression;
but that was thirty years ago.
You grew a matron plump and comely,
you dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
my earthly lot was far more homely;
but I too had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glisten'd
around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
than when my youngest child was christen'd:
but that was twenty years ago.
Time passed, my eldest girl was married,
and I am now a grandsire grey:
one pet of four years old I've carried,
among the wild-flower'd meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
she fills her basket's ample measure,
and that is not ten years ago.

PEACOCK.



Et mihi erant nati: sollemni tempore tecta
 festa patris celebrant ordine quisque suo.
Quas mihi delicias dederint vix dicere possum;
 exin ter decies bruma peracta mihi est.
Postmodo tu nitido cultu matrona fuisti:
 te comitem procerum turba venusta petit.
Me fortuna magis multo demissa coercet;
 intererant autem tempora festa mihi.
Quando alias oculi lusu nituere benigno,
 ligna foci circum cum fera saevit hiems,
ut mea cum proles Christo sacrata suprema est?
 ex illo numero bis duo lustra die.
Postmodo nupta viro est fuerat quae maxima natu,
 canaque solatur tempora nomen avi.
Parvula neptis avum decorat, cui quattuor anni;
 hanc lusum vernos traximus inter agros.
Hanc eadem quae nos delectant florida prata;
 ut quondam, solito calta nitore viget.
Serta secare iuvat calathumque replere capacem;
 non decies hodie ver renovavit agros.

VI

WHATE'ER the passion—knowledge, fame, or pelf,
 not one will change his neighbour with himself.
 The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
 the fool is happy that he knows no more,
 the rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
 the poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 the sot a hero, lunatic a king;
 the starving chemist in his golden views
 supremely blest, the poet in his muse.
 See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
 and pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
 see some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
 hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
 Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
 pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
 some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 a little louder, but as empty quite:
 scarfs garters gold amuse his riper stage:
 and beads and pray'r books are the toys of age:
 pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
 till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

POPE.



VI

QUICQUID amant homines quacumque cupidine victi,
 Ugloria sit lucrumve aut rerum noscere causas—
 ecquis pro propriis vicini commoda mutet?
 Felix est sapiens: naturae foedera quaerit.
 Felix est stultus: non utile noscere curat,
 dives et est felix rerum cui copia cordi,
 sed pauper divos se credit amare beatus:
 caecus et exsultat, mancus canit, optimus unus
 ebrius ipse sibi, vecors rex esse videtur.
 Nescio quid meditans nil vates amplius orat;
 felix qui morbis medicinas quaerit et alget.
 Aspice secreta caussa laetantur ut omnes:
 fastus amorque sui cunctorum pectora mulcent;
 aspice, quaeque suo studio distinguitur aetas.
 Spes refovet nec nos moribundos deserit alma.
 Parvulus ille puer naturae lege benigna
 admota palea tractansve crepundia ridet:
 vividior iuvenem ludus delectat eundem
 ex aequo vacuus, celebrer rumore secundo;
 allicitur latis clavis maturior aetas
 et nummis: extrema deos et templa fatigat.
 Nugae delectant semper: tamen omnia nugae:
 exitus est fessis mors: fabula vana peractast.

VII

I DO confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
and I might have come near to love thee,
had I not found, the slightest prayer,
that lips could move, had power to move thee :
but I can let thee now alone,
as worthy to be loved by none.
The morning rose that untouch'd stands
arm'd with her briars, how sweet she smells !
but pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
her sweets no longer with her dwells :
but scent and beauty both are gone,
and leaves fall from her one by one.
Such fate ere long will thee betide,
when thou hast handled been awhile,
with sere flowers to be thrown aside,
and I shall sigh while some will smile,
to see thy love to every one
hath brought thee to be loved by none.

R. AYTON.

VII

LUBRICUS est fateor voltus tibi pulchraque forma:
te poteram nimia captus amare fide.

Nunc scio quae mihi das aliis quoque vota dedisse:
flectere vel minimas te valuisse preces.

Nunc te, nota nimis, securus linquere possum,
nullius stabilem quae mereare fidem.

Integra mane novo rosa quam resplendet in hortis
spinis cincta suis! quam bene fragrat odor!

decerptae nimium crudeli pollice gemmae
egregius periit qui fuit ante decor.

Cessit odor cessitque simul iucunda venustas,
et folia, ut virtus diffluit, inde cadunt.

Mox tibi sors eadem continget, perfida virgo:
improba sordesces improbitate virum.

Eiciere foras, ceu marcescentia sarta;
ridebunt alii: nos lacrimare decet.

Te miserumst semper cunctis cupiisse placere,
te iam nemo volet sanus habere suam.

VIII

PROMETHEUS

NOW through the royal hall, for Heaven's dread Lord
wrought by the Fire-king's hand, the assembled
Gods,

upon the morn appointed, thronging ranged
expectant; mute they moved, and took their thrones,
gloom on their brows, though Gods; so dark the dread
of huge impending battle held their hearts,
battle of brother Kings, Heaven and the Sea
in duel dire, convulsive war of worlds.

So mused they all, and highest throned the Sire,
Lord of the lightning; on one side his Queen,
on the other, not less nigh, his chosen child
Pallas, most dear of all his race divine.
Somewhat aloof, yet in the upper hall,
the King Poseidon sate, and round his throne
Ocean, and all great Rivers of the world,
and all Sea-powers, and hoary Nereus nigh,
Nereus the ancient prophet, Thetis' sire.

E. MYERS.



VIII

PANDITUR interea domus omnipotentis Olympi
quam fratri Ignipotens divina fecerat arte.
Namque dies praedictus adest: sublimia lustrant
atria caelicolae densi exspectantque futura.
Vocibus incedunt pressis sedesque capessunt,
demisso (quamvis caelesti semine) voltu:
immanis belli tantus timor opprimit omnes:
adfore certamen fratrum, caelique marisque,
omnia tracturum secum miscensque ruina.
Talia dum versant, considit Iuppiter alto
ipse Tonans solio: hinc divom regina videtur
proxima et hinc pariter Pallas, carissima proles
(omnibus hanc praefert genitor quos ipse creat).
Tum procul, augusta tamen aulae parte locatus,
rex Neptunus erat: quem circum caerula turba
Oceanus pelagique dei fluviique potentes
qui mundum umectant undis, et crinibus albis
Nereus stat Thetidis genitor vatesque futuri.

IX

PROMETHEUS

ON his immortal brow,
ploughed by strange pangs, anguish unknown in Heaven,
dwelt weightier thought than theirs, more arduous love.
With one accord the congregated Gods
in sudden homage from their golden thrones
rose up for reverent greeting, as he came.
Then, as he gained their midst, the Thunderer spake:
‘Hail, wondrous Titan, Earth’s mysterious son,
prophet Prometheus! In this hour of need
welcome thou art returned among the Gods,
thyself a God: assume thy place, sit there
acknowledged arbiter: what present doubt
distracts our race divine thou knowest well
already, and already know’st no less
the doom revealed that must that doubt dissolve.
Judge then, for all the Powers of Heaven are here
expectant, and await thy final word.’

E. MYERS.



IX

FRONTEM divinam mirus signaverat angor
caelicolis dolor ignotus: mens fortior ora
distinguit, studium et superat ferventius illos
Consurgunt venienti omnes subitoque relictis
auratis soliis voltu nutuque salutant.

Cui pater in medio stanti sic farier inquit:

‘Salve, Telluris fili, Titania proles,
callidus auguriis qui scis ventura, Prometheu,
tu deus ipse inter divos discrimine rerum
iure redis tanto: reducem gratamur amicum:
sume tuas sedes, fati certissime vates.

Quae res caelestes ferat in contraria mentes
iam bene cognosti, necnon tibi cognita fata
pondere quae tanto dubitantia corda levabunt:
dic age: namque omnes cupiunt fatalia verba
scire Potestates caeli, sortemque salutant.’

X

Corrymeela

OVER here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
an' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.
There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy
trees,
this livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the
bees:
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin'
through the heat,
past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.
The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
there not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in
his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut
child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

X

ANGLIA, falce tuum reseco miser advena faenum :
quotquot eunt horæ taedet abesse domo.

Putrescant segetes Anglorum et inutile faenum !

Tu Corimela places caeruleusque polus.

Arbore sub spissa tacito pede labitur amnis :

aer murmuribus sollicitatur apum.

Rivum utinam audirem patrium per saxa sonantem,

quo Corimela madet solis adusta face.

Anglica Iudaeis gens ditior esse videtur :

luxuriat caligis parvulus ipse puer.

Infans nuda pedes mihi sit pretiosior auro :

te Corimela memor mente Notumque colo.

XI

PROMETHEUS

HE said, and all the assembly, when he ceased,
 murmuring well-pleased assent, had turned their
 gaze

there where the Titan sate, deep-plunged in thought;
 yet not for long; scarce had the murmur sunk
 to silence, when his answering voice was heard:

‘Gods, and ye Kings of Heaven and of the Sea,
 who here demand my doom oracular,
 that word of Fate ye seek, I bid you hear.
 Not unto you, world-ruling Thrones divine,
 hath Fate this bride awarded whom ye woo.
 Downward, far downward, bend your search, O Gods,
 to once despised earth, where lies a land,
 Iolcus named, nigh to Olympus’ foot;
 there seek the sea-maid’s lord by Fate assigned—
 a man, and born of woman, but his blood
 from thy celestial ichor, Sire of Gods,
 nathless derives; nor yet in earth nor heaven
 beats any heart more valiant or more pure.
 He hath been tried and hath sore trial borne
 as steel of surest temper, true at need,
 or as that ashen spear from Pelion’s woods,
 his weapon huge that none may wield but he,
 Peleus, the son of thy son whom erewhile
 the daughter of the River, once thy love,
 bare thee on earth: on Peleus falls the lot,
 to him this bride is given, but with her bears
 a sign inseparable, which to learn

XI

DIXERAT: assensu divom mussare senatus
 incipit unanimo, et placuit sententia patris.
 Illuc convertunt voltus ubi plurima Titan
 mente sedet versans, nec longum tempus et orsus,
 excepere breves postquam alta silentia voces:
 'Caelicolae regesque maris caelique potentes
 qui petitis sortes a me et fatalia verba,
 quod petitis, verbis animos adhibete, docebo.
 Non vobis mundum regitis qui numine magno
 optatam hanc sponsam pollentia fata dedere.
 Deorsum caelicolae convertite lumina, terram
 respicite haud pridem miserae incunabula prolis.
 Thessala Iolcon habet tellus adfinis Olympo:
 virginis aequoreae hic fatalem Parca maritum
 dat, mortale genus; prima sed origine iactat
 iure Iovem proavum, caelesti semine cretus:
 fortior hoc animus vitioque intactior omni
 non est in caelo: similem non terra creavit.
 Plurima perpessus fortis validusque probatur,
 ut mucro pugnae medio in discrimine fidus,
 aut ut Peliacis de silvis fraxinus, ingens
 missile quod Peleus solus contorqueat hosti:
 huic pater es patris, quem fertur filia quondam
 Asopi generasse tibi, tua pristina cura,
 terrestrem subolem: Peleo sors contigit illa,
 Peleo nupta datur, frustra quam quaeritis omnes.
 Illa tamen portat secum irrevocabile signum,

shall leave ye well content to yield to-day
 what might infer far sorer sacrifice.
 Thus hath Fate spoken : whosoe'er he be
 that weds the sea-maid Thetis, unto him,
 or man or God immortal, must she bear
 a son that shall be mightier than his sire.'

E. MYERS.

XII

ODE ON A HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE

AH! mourn thy loved retreat! no more
 shall classic steps thy scene explore!
 when morn's pale rays but faintly peep
 o'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
 who now shall climb its brows, to view
 thy length of landscapes ever new:
 where summer flings in careless pride,
 her varied vesture far and wide!
 Who mark beneath each village-charm,
 of grange or elm-encircled farm:
 the flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
 watch'd by the kite that sails aloof;
 the tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
 darkens the long-deserted hall:
 the vet'ran beech, that on the plain
 collects at eve the playful train:
 the cot that smokes with early fire,
 the low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire!

T. WARTON.



quod cum noveritis, bene concessisse libebit:
 namque hoc coniugium secum fert lugubre fatum.
 Sic decreverunt Parcae: quicumque puellam
 duxerit aequoream sive e caelestibus unus
 seu mortalis erit, natum peperisse necesse est
 qui patris exsuperet vires regnumque capessat.'

XII

LUGE secessus luge dilecte: relinquit
 te sapiens loca nec iam lustrat amabilis hospes:
 pallentes radii primi quo tempore solis
 cincta procul superant vix illa cacumina quercu,
 quis nunc ascendet scopulos, quis daedala rura
 longo despiciet campo, variosque decores
 aestas larga manu quos dat, serieque superba
 planitiem pingit florum: quis denique culmen
 despiciet tuguri admirans, ulmisque latentes
 villas, et silice e dura quae tecta columbae
 stipant, dum procul accipiter secat irritus auras?
 quis lustrat spissas umbrosa cacumina pinus
 unde cadunt umbrae deserta per atria dudum?
 longaeavam aut fagum quae subter vespere primo
 colligit imberbem turbam ludosque iocosos:
 maturaque casas fumantes ignibus hora,
 atque humilis fani quae surgit in arbore turrem?

XIII

O H! 'tis little Mary Cassidy's the cause of all my
 misery,
 the raison that I am not now the boy I used to be;
 O she bates the beauties all that we read about in
 history,
 sure half the country-side's as lost for her as me.
 Travel Ireland up and down, hill, village, vale, and town,
 girl like my 'cailin donn' you'll be looking for in
 vain:
 oh! I'd rather live in poverty with little Mary
 Cassidy,
 than Emperor without her be, o'er Germany or
 Spain.
 'Twas at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught a sight
 of her,
 and heard her sing an Irish song, till tears came in
 my eyes:
 and ever since that blessed hour I'm dreaming day and
 night of her,
 the divil a wink of sleep I get from bed to rise.
 Her cheek the rose of June, her song the lark in tune;
 working, resting, night or noon, she never laves my
 mind:
 oh! till singing by my cabin-fire sits little Mary
 Cassidy,
 'tis little aise or happiness I'm sure I'll ever find.
 F. A. FAHY.

XIII

CAUSA caputque mali nostri est formosa Neaera:
hoc est cur non sim nunc ego qualis eram.
Illa quot historiis legimus supereminet omnes,
magnaue pars iuvenum quo premor igne calet.
Lustraris patriam, nemora agros oppida pagos;
omnes exsuperat flava puella comas.
Tecum habitare casam satius sit, parva Neaera,
quam sine te Croesi condicione frui.
Hanc primum video Damone regente choreas;
ad lacrimas moveor: carmina prisca canit.
Nocte dieque animum non cara relinquit imago,
mane vigil noctu me vigilasse queror.
Ora colore rosam, numeros vox vincit alaudae:
per requiem per opus cara figura placet.
Tum demum pacem carpemus et otia vera,
cum sedet ad nostrum parva canitque focum.

XIV

- D.* **H**EAR how the birds, on every blooming spray,
 with joyous music wake the dawning day!
 why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
 when warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
 why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
 and lavish nature paints the purple year?
- S.* Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
 while yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
 Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
 here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays
 and from the brink his dancing shade surveys.
- D.* And I this bowl; where wanton ivy twines,
 and swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
 four figures rising from the work appear;
 the various seasons of the rolling year,
 and what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?
- S.* Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing;
 now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;
 now leaves the tree, and flowers adorn the ground,
 begin; the vales shall every note rebound.

POPE.



XIV

- D.* **U**T volucres, audi, ramis frondentibus omnes
 excipiunt hilari surgentem carmine Phoebum!
 an sumus hic taciti, vocem ut fringilla profundit,
 verque novum sollers numeris Philomela salutat?
 cur sumus hic tristes quum Phosphorus aethere
 fulget
 annum et purpureum pingit Natura benigna?
- S.* Dic ergo: inter nos Damon erit arbiter ille;
 dum procul arva boves proscindunt vomere duro.
 Luteus hic crocus, hic florent violaria glauca,
 hic zephyro rosa prima viget fundente liquores.
 Qui circa fontem ludit deponimus agnum:
 aspice, per latices fluitantem despicit umbram.
- D.* Crateram hanc pono: serpens hedera illigat ansas,
 vitis et uberibus pendet deflexa racemis.
 Illius in medio sunt quattuor aspera signa,
 tempora quae monstrant labentis voltibus anni:
 et quid id est radians miro quod tramite caelum
 circuit et bis sex disponit sidera pulchra?
- S.* alternis dicetis: amant alterna Camenae:
 lilia nunc florent, nunc florent alba ligustra,
 nunc arbusta comae, distinguunt pascua flores.
 Incipe; per valles numeros sua reddet imago.

XV

AS fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave
 for dread of soring hauke herself hath hid,
 not caring how, her silly life to save,
 she her gay painted plumes disorderid;
 seeing at last herselfe from daunger rid,
 peeps foorth, and soon renewes her native pride:
 she gins her feathers fowle disfigured
 prowdly to prune, and sett on every side;
 so shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her
 hide.

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
 he gan himselfe to vaunt, but when he vewed
 those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
 soone into other fits he was transmewed,
 till she to him her gracious speach renewed:
 'All haile, sir knight, and well may thee befall,
 as all the like, which honour have persewed
 through deeds of armes and prowesse martial,
 all virtue merits praise, but such the most of all.'

SPENSER.

XV

QUALIS avis sese latebroso in pumice celat
 Qaeriam metuens aquilam penitusque recondit
 iam pridem temere ut formidine funera vitet:
 perque fugam pictas pennas in pulvere turpat:
 tum procul ut sentit cessisse pericula mortis
 extollitque caput furtim renovatque decores:
 incipit et solito fastu componere plumas
 foedatas latebris, notisque coloribus alas
 induit: haud latuisse pudet terrorque recessit.
 Sic bellatricis simul ac conspexerat ora
 se iactat Drances: sed cum quae dextra tenebat
 tela videt, mentem immutat recipitque timores.
 Illa virum blandis compellat vocibus ultro.
 'Te iubeo salvere: tibi sint omnia fausta
 atque aliis pariter qui martia facta sequuntur
 magnanimi vitamque volunt pro laude pacisci.
 Egregia est omnis sed praestat bellica virtus.'

XVI

AFOOT

LONG is the road 'twixt town and town that runs,
travelled by many a lordly cavalcade,
with trappings gay, and rich caparisons,
jester and squire, and laughing knight and maid :
with gallant clash and stir they go their way ;
I trudge afoot through all the drouth of day.
For me the misty meadows fresh with morn,
the tramp through noontide heat to evening-grey,
the far-seen smoke from the day's goal upborne,
the halt, the friendly greeting by the way,
the distant hill behind far hill descried,
the road by day, the rest by eventide.
I know each wayside wood, each moorland brown,
each hidden byway and reposeful nook,
where I may linger when the sun goes down,
dipping tired feet in some cool flowing brook :
I know the free hill and the glooming glen,
and kindly fires, and humble homes of men.

C. FOX SMITH.



XVI

LONGA viast nobis quae ducit ab urbe sub urbem :
splendida procedit plurima pompa via :
alipedes instrati ostro pictisque tapetis :
cum verna subeunt scurra puella procus.
Tum ioca tum sermo strepitus tum martius armis :
me peditem sicco sors iubet ire die.
Me matutinis nebulis stillantia prata,
me via sub Phoebo continuata iuvat :
fumus et emittit quem meta petita laborum,
alloquium et statio praetereuntis iter :
et iuga quae colles propiores cernimus ultra,
et via grata die, vespere grata quies.
Cognita silva frequens nobis campique perusti
ruraque vix ullo devia trita pede :
sole sub occiduo fessis gratissima sedes
viva meos rivi qua lavet unda pedes.
Ingentes noti colles et saltus opacus
et focus et tenui simplicitate casae.

XVII

SEE what delights in silvan scenes appear!
descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
when swains from shearing seek their nightly bowers;
when weary reapers quit the sultry field,
and crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
but in my breast the serpent love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
but your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
O deign to visit our forsaken seats,
the mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
and all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

POPE.



XVII

ASPICE ut in silvis iucundumst degere vitam.
Silvis caelicolae nemus invenere frequentes
Elysium: silvis dea candida quaerit Adonin,
in silvis erras tu casta Diana per umbras.
Huc venias formosa: faveque silentibus horis
cum tonsis ovibus pastores otia quaerunt:
defessique die messorum arva relinquunt
ora coronati spicis Cereremque salutant.
Non est quod timeas: non hac latet aspis in herba:
pectore sed nostro serpens amor insidet acer.
Hic apibus flores rorantia germina praebent,
sed nil dulce tuus praeter te novit Alexis.
Visere pastorum dignere sedilia maesta
mucososque herba fontes viridesque recessus.
Quocumque incedis Zephyro recreante tepebit
silva: tibi pendent umbras arbusta sedenti;
quocumque ingrederis per humum rosa vivida crescet:
omnia floreant, quocumque advertis ocellos.

XVIII

THE SOUTH COUNTRY

WHEN I am living in the Midlands
that are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening :
my work is left behind ;
and the great hills of the South Country
come back into my mind.
The great hills of the South Country
they stand along the sea :
and it's there walking in the high woods
that I could wish to be,
and the men that were boys when I was a boy
walking along with me.
The men that live in North England
I saw them for a day :
their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
their skies are fast and grey :
from their castle-walls a man may see
the mountains far away.

H. BELLOC.



XVIII

IN media terra mihi sicubi vivere detur
caelo tristis hiems est madidusque Deus:
lampadis accensae libri sunt luce legendi:
excidit ex animo quod studuisse placet.
Ad medium conversa diem plaga surgit in auras:
immemor hanc operis mens revocare solet.
Quos ego dilexi colles stant ordine longo
illic perpetui, despiciuntque mare.
O utinam silvas illic vager inter amoenas,
O mihi per pinus sit secuisse viam.
O si quos pueros pueri dileximus, una
ire viris liceat meque videre virum.
Nota mihi tellus septem subiecta trioni
Anglica lustranti: sed breve tempus erat:
planities inculta placet sine messibus illis,
Phoebus et exiguus caeruleusque polus.
Sed sunt quae placeant: montes a moenibus ipsis
clivorumque procul cernere summa queas.

XIX

PROMETHEUS

HE ended, and the assembly all amazed
at that unlooked-for sentence, in great awe
on the two sovran Brethren bent their eyes.
No whit had either moved, but on the Seer
kept their large gaze majestic, fixed and full.
Then, as one impulse in the twain had stirred,
from both with one accord their high assent
rolled through the solemn stillness, deep and clear :
'So be it as thou sayest, Voice of Fate.'

Therewith in confirmation those great Gods,
immortal and imperial, bowed their brows.
Heaven stirred at that dread sign, and Earth afar
thrice rocked responsive, heaving all her seas.

E. MYERS.



XIX

DIXERAT: obstupere omnes (sententia tanta
 praeter spem strinxit mentes) atque ora tenebant
 in geminos fratres rerum conversa potentes.
 Inter caelestes immotus uterque manebat
 aspiciens vatem: plena sunt lumina regum
 maiestate, aciesque oculorum illustrior illis.
 Tum subito, ceu mens eadem movisset utrumque,
 vox eadem assensu concordi volvitur ultro,
 clara ingensque simul per vasta silentia caeli:
 'Qui ventura canis, rata sint decreta Sororum.'
 Haec simul ac dixere dei, qui cuncta gubernant,
 annuerunt, esset magis ut sententia nota.
 Omnis eo nutu diro concussus Olympus:
 terque procul veri motatur conscia tellus:
 aequor et omne tremit fundoque exaestuat imo.

XX

O GATHER me the rose, the rose,
while yet in flower we find it,
for summer smiles, but summer goes,
and winter waits behind it.
For with the dream forgone, forgone,
the deed forborne for ever,
the worm Regret will canker on,
and Time will turn him never.
So well it were to love, my love,
and cheat of any laughter
the fate beneath us and above,
the dark before and after.
The myrtle and the rose, the rose,
the sunshine and the swallow,
the dream that comes, the wish that goes,
the memories that follow!

W. E. HENLEY.



XX

COLLIGE cara rosas momento temporis ipso
quo stant flore suo : collige cara rosas.
Aestas arridet : citius tamen aufugit aestas :
excipit aestatem postmodo tristis hiems.
Dulcia si speras sed vix temptata relinquis,
si coeptum proprio tempore cessat opus,
ut vermis flores animum dolor improbus aegrum
conficiet : tibi non hora redire potest.
Ergo dum poteris captetur tempus amandi
apponasque lucro quae ioca Cypris habet.
Spernere sic poteris nimium crudelia fata ;
eventus caecus causaque caeca premit.
Ut rosa sic myrtus marcet : sic transit hirundo
lucidus ut pallet nube ruente dies.
Hoc age : somnia enim fugiunt et vana cupido :
infecti misere mens memor usque dolet.

XXI

A DIRGE

SLEEP, sleep, poor youth ; sleep, sleep in peace,
 reliev'd from love, and mortal care ;
 whilst we, that pine in love's disease,
 uncertain blest less happy are.
 Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
 no ills of fate thou now canst fear ;
 in vain would tyrant power enslave,
 or scornful beauty be severe.
 Wars that do fatal storms disperse,
 far from thy happy mansion keep ;
 earthquakes that shake the universe,
 can't rock thee into sounder sleep.
 With all the charms of peace possess,
 secure from life's tormentor, pain,
 sleep, and indulge thy self with rest,
 nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

D'URFEY.



XXI

CARPE puer iustum vita defuncte soporem :
non nunc sollicitat cura neque angit amor.
Nos premit asperior sortis lex : vivitur ? esto :
crastina in ambiguost quid vehat hora mali.
Conditus obscuro tandem tacitoque sepulcro
non vice cum subita fata futura tremis.
Nunc avet incassum te proculcare tyrannus,
non nunc ora tuæ torva timebis amans.
Bella procul gentes cruciant certamine diro,
o nimium felix, a statione tua.
Non opus est motu tibi quo sopor altior instet :
per te terra deo magna movente tremat.
Omnia tutus habes veræ solacia pacis
communisque dolor non tua membra premit.
Carpe puer tumulo tibi debita munera somni,
neve tibi iniciat vita secunda metum.

XXII

AND trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
 and found no place where safe he shroud him
 might;

lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye,
 and Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.
 And over them sad Horror with grim hew
 did always soar, beating his yron wings;
 and after him owles and night-ravens flew,
 the hateful messengers of heavy things,
 of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
 whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clift,
 a song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 that hart of flint asunder could have rifte;
 which having ended after him she flyeth swift.

SPENSER.

XXII

HUC illuc pennis volitat Timor anxius aegris,
 inquirens neque habet qua sese abscondat in umbra,
 necnon multa gemens tenebris Dolor additur atris:
 ora Pudor quaerit celans inhonesta recessus.
 Tum torvo aspectu maestus volat insuper Horror,
 et ferrugineas, nec cessat, concutit alas:
 quem sequitur bubo, quem cornix omine diro,
 atque invisa malos eventus indicat ore,
 ferali necis et praenuntia carmine luctus.
 Hic maesta in celsa consedit rupe Celaeno,
 infelix vates, fundens de pectore voces
 quales clausa queant adamante resolvere corda:
 tum fine imposito post illum labitur alis.

XXIII

SONG

FROM the court to the cottage convey me away,
for I'm weary of grandeur and what they call gay:
where pride without measure,
and pomp without pleasure,
make life in a circle of hurry decay.
Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown,
my friends shall be few,
but well-chosen and true,
and sweet recreation our evening shall crown.
With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
on a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree,
the river's clear brink
shall afford me my drink,
and Temp'rance my friendly physician shall be.
Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest:
I'll neither invoke
or repine at death's stroke,
but retire from the world as I would to my rest.

H. CAREY.



XXIII

NOS casa parva iuvat: magna properemus ab aula:
 nam nos festivi magnificique piget.
 Fastus ibi miser et sine more superbia regnat:
 pace frui procerum vita molesta nequit.
 Vitato strepitu vivam procul urbe remota:
 pro pictis Cois sit stola rufa mihi.
 Paucos sed nobis fidos capiemus amicos:
 postque diem gratus vespere lusus erit.
 Sub Iove pro lautis epulis sit parvula cena:
 sit viridis caespes, quercus obumbret humum.
 Sint latices potus rivi mihi lene fluentis:
 Sobrietas medici certa ministret opem.
 Libera curarum, vita contenta beata,
 non elata nimis, non agitata malis,
 non mortem arcessam, non adveniente dolebo;
 excedam: non mors sed sopor illud erit.

XXIV

THE VAGABOND

GIVE to me the life I love,
let the lave go by me,
give the jolly heaven above
and the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
bread I dip in the river,
there's the life for a man like me,
there's the life for ever.
Let the blow fall soon or late,
let what will be o'er me ;
give the face of earth around
and the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
not a friend to know me ;
all I seek, the heaven above
and the road below me.

R. L. STEVENSON.



XXIV

QUAM semper cupii vitam mihi vivere detur :
Praeter me pergat cetera turba viam.
Securam cupio sub dio carpere vitam :
semita vix noto devia rure placet.
Carpere sub dumis somnos stellasque videre
sit mihi ; sint latices frustaque dura cibus ;
haec est vita mihi, quoniam placet usque vagari :
hi donec moriar sint sine fine dies.
Sero vel citius certo mors occupet ictu :
qualicumque mihi vivere lege libet ;
dummodo conspiciam silvas camposque patentes
quemque sequar campis advena trames eat.
Non amor est curae, neque opes, non ulla futuri
ambitio : cordi nullus amicus erit.
Sunt duo quae sat erunt : sub dio degere vitam
et via nota sequar quam pedes inter agros.

XXV

NE would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
 approach, albe his drowsy den were next.
 For next to death is Sleepe to be compared;
 therefore his house is unto his annex:
 here Sleep, there Richesse, and Hel-gate them both
 betwext.

So soon as Mammon there arriv'd, the dore
 to him did open, and affoorded way:
 him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
 ne darknesse him, ne daunger might dismay.
 Soone as he entred was, the dore streightway
 did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
 an ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
 the which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
 and ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

SPENSER.



XXV

NEC placidum patitur semel accessisse Soporem,
proxima sit quamvis perfusa papavere sedes.
Nam consanguineus leti similisque videri:
propterea domus huic ipsi contermina leto.
Hinc Sopor hinc Plutus : seiungit ianua Ditis.
Quo simul ac ventum est illi se porta recludit
sponte sua, praebetque aditus per limina dira.
Quem Guion sequitur gradientem passibus aequis:
densae non tenebrae non ulla pericula terrent.
Sed simul atque intrans clauduntur cardine valvae
horrissono ; exsultans linquit mala forma recessus,
horrendum monstrum, caligine turpius atra,
ingentique gradu properans vestigia lustrat
atque incedentem vigili iam lumine servat.

XXVI

PROMETHEUS

AGAIN the Thunderer spake: 'Titan, thy task
 is ended, but not ended be thy stay
 among thy peers, this company of Gods.
 Here is thy place prepared, here dwell content,
 our counsellor at need, our new-won friend.
 Rest here at ease, and learn the unfolded tale
 by all these ages wrought in Heaven and Earth,
 and changeful tribes of men, thy chosen care,
 once loved by thee alone; but now, be sure,
 there is no God that hath not linked his name,
 perchance his race, to human hope and fear.
 Stay then, for change by change is recompensed,
 and new things now wax old, and old are new.'

E. MYERS.

XXVII

A DESCRIPTION OF A MOST NOBLE LADY

GIVE place, you ladies, and begone!
 boast not yourselves at all!
 for here at hand approacheth one
 whose face will stain you all.
 The virtue of her lively looks
 excels the precious stone;
 I wish to have none other books
 to read or look upon.

XXVI

TUM sic Altitonans: 'Proles Titania, iussa
 explesti: sed ne dubites exinde morari
 aequales inter, caelestia numina divom.
 Hic domus hic sedes: maneat contentus Olympo,
 in dubiis auctor, modo conciliatus amicus.
 Otia nobiscum tibi erunt: et ego ipse merenti
 expediam fuerint quae per tot saecula caelo,
 quae terra perfecta: genus mutabile quantum
 mortale enisum fuerit, tua maxima cura;
 nempe deos inter quondam tu solus amabas.
 Nunc tamen hoc scito: nullum non nomina numen
 atque ipsos fortasse sua de stirpe creatos
 humanis studiis et subiecisse timori.
 Ergo siste gradum: pariter mutemur et ipsi:
 quae nova sunt pereunt, et habent antiqua vigorem.'

XXVII

CEDITE formosae celeberrima turba puellae:
 non vos iure prior postmodo fastus habet.
 Incedit mulier qua visa cetera quondam
 sordebunt cupidis ora probata viris.
 Vividus aspectus pretiosam vincere gemmam,
 quam maris Eoi sufficit unda, potest.
 Non alios curo legere aut perdiscere libros:
 huius enim voltus iam studiosus ero.



I think Nature hath lost the mould
where she her shape did take ;
or else I doubt if Nature could
so fair a creature make.
She may be well compared
unto the Phoenix kind,
whose like was never seen or heard,
that any man can find.
In life she is Diana chaste,
in truth Penelope ;
in word and eke in deed stedfast ;
what will you more we say ?
If all the world were sought so far,
who could find such a wight ?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
within the frosty night.
At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
ne at no wanton play,
nor gazing in an open street,
nor gadding as a stray.
The modest mirth that she doth use
is mixed with shamefastness ;
all vice she doth wholly refuse,
and hateth idleness.

J. HEYWOOD.

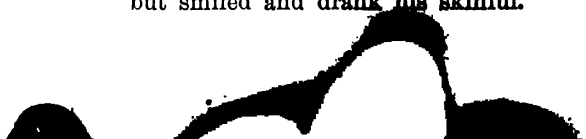


Perdidit (aut fallor) formam Natura creatrix
praestans effigies haec ubi ficta fuit.
Et vix credibile est Naturam posse creare
rem cui conspicitur tantus in ore decor.
Non male contuleris miram Phoenica volucrem
quam famast Pharios incoluisse locos.
non huic invenies similem aut virtute secundam,
non fasti referunt: unica semper avis.
Casta Diana deast: aequat mea cura Dianam,
Penelopesque iacet iam superata fides.
Et gravis et constans verbis rebusque puella:
nonne satis virtus commemorata mihi est?
in quascumque velis oculos convertere terras
assimilem nostrae non reperire queas.
Nocte velut caelo glaciali stella renidet,
corpore sic illi sic nitor ore micat.
Non illam invenies Bacchi per sacra vagantem,
non ubi dat turpes scaena proterva iocos.
Non sese iactat plateis gestitque videri,
non errat plenis incommitata viis.
Sed tamen haud nimium ioca temnit fronte severa,
sed quae sint casto digna pudore iuvant.
Omne quod est vitium mens aversata refugit,
displicet et segnes continuasse dies.

XXVIII

JOLLY JACK

WHEN fierce political debate
throughout the isle was storming,
and Rads attacked the throne and state,
and Tories the reforming ;
to calm the furious rage of each,
and right the land demented,
Heaven sent us Jolly Jack, to teach
the way to be contented.
Jack's bed was straw, 'twas warm and soft,
his chair, a three-legged stool ;
his broken jug was emptied oft,
yet, somehow, always full.
His mistress' portrait decked the wall,
his mirror had a crack ;
yet, gay and glad, though this was all
his wealth lived Jolly Jack.
To give advice to avarice,
teach pride its mean condition,
and preach good sense to dull pretence,
was honest Jack's high mission.
Our single statesman found his rule
of moral in the flagon,
and held his philosophic school
beneath the 'George and Dragon'.
When village Solons cursed the Lords,
and called the malt-tax sinful,
Jack heeded not their angry words,
but smiled and drank his skinful.



XXVIII

CUM ferus attonita popularis in urbe tribunus
Italiam quateret seditione suam:
armaretque manus, legum tutela, senatus,
insidiis premeret cum Catilina bonos:
ut di sedarent nimios utriusque furores,
priscaque mens Latii sana rediret agris:
exstitit egregius Romanus nomine Gaius,
sorte sua laetus quo duce quisque foret.
Illi stramineus lectus mollisque placensque
proque toris sedes luxuriosa tripus.
Saepe erat exhaustus curtata cantharus ansa
nec vacuus poscae decipiebat erum.
Effigies carae pendebat pariete turpi,
rimaque per speculum conspicienda fuit:
sed quamvis opibus floreret talibus ille,
Gaius erat laetus condicione sua.
Ut fugerent sordes solitas suadebat avaris:
testis erat quali mente, superbe, fores.
Monstrabat vitam sapientem vana tumentis;
talis erat, Gai, causa laborque tuus.
Simplicitate sua nolebat figere leges:
rite satis fuerat plena lagoena meri.
Illi non schola erat: si de virtute moneret,
nescioquae sedem parva taberna dabat.
Paganusque Solon quum diceret esse senatum
iniustum, si non villia vina forent,
non iras tumidas curabat saevaue verba;
militis et cordi Thracis amystis erat.

And when men wasted health and life,
 in search of rank and riches,
 Jack watched aloof the paltry strife,
 and wore his threadbare breeches.

THACKERAY.

XXIX

I GAZED upon the rippling stream ;
 the moon was clear and bright :
 across the tide a silvery beam
 fell o'er its waters white.
 And life, I said, is like that stream,
 which to the ocean flows ;
 and love is like that silvery beam
 which lights it as it goes.
 The moon is gone—the rippling stream
 still hastens to the main :
 Ah ! love is but a transient gleam
 and all is dark again.
 Yon clouds that do the moon enclose,
 are o'er its brightness laid ;
 Ah ! life hath many clouds like those,
 our bright hopes thus to shade.

ANON.

Immodico studio si quis langueret habendi
 ut longis titulis accumularet opes,
 ille procul pauper discrimina vana potentum
 irrisit: curae non toga curta fuit,

XXIX

LABENTEM video iucundo murmure rivum:
 axe super claro luna serena micat.
 En! velut argenti radians nitor aura refulget,
 et cano rapidas limite signat aquas.
 His similis, dixi, mortalis vita fluentis,
 quae cursum properant prona petuntque mare.
 Argenteo similis radio quo luna fluenta
 illustrat, vitam lumine vestit amor.
 Lux abiit lunae: sed lege coactus eadem
 murmurat amnis adhuc oceanumque petit.
 Sic amor exigua ridet mortalibus hora,
 mox velut umbra premit conscia corda dolor.
 Nubibus obscuris circumdata luna recessit;
 occulitur clarus qui fuit ante nitor.
 Sic vitam ceu nube tegunt velante dolores,
 temporis et citius spes venientis hebet.

XXX

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
outshon the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
to that bad eminence; and from despair
thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
vain war with Heav'n, and by success untaught
his proud imaginations thus display'd:
'Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
for since no deep within her gulf can hold
immortal vigor, though opprest and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost.'

MILTON.



XXX

REGIFICO luxu solio consedit in alto
quod longe superabat opes praedivitis Ormi
atque Indos, Oriens aut sicubi munere bacas
largo et barbaricum defundit regibus aurum,
sublimis Satanas, meritis virtute supremam
sedem inter pravos : modo qui deiectus ab omni
spe fuerat, nunc praeter spem sibi sumit honorem,
et caelum contra, non hoc contentus honore,
gestit inexpleto studio vana arma movere,
indocilisque pati sic ora superba resolvit :
'Vestra, Potestates, obtestor numina, caeli ;
namque immortales barathro si nulla vorago
abscondit vires, oppressus et aethere lapsus
non ego despero caelum.'

XXXI

MR. W. HERVEY

MY sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
 why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
 thy end for ever, and my life, to moan :

O thou hast left me all alone !

Thy soul and body, when death's agony
 besieged around thy noble heart,
 did not with more reluctance part
 than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.
 Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
 have ye not seen us walking every day ?
 Was there a tree about which did not know
 the love betwixt us two ?

Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade,
 or your sad branches thicker join,
 and into darksome shades combine,
 dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

A. COWLEY.



XXXI

AEQUALIS quondam comes, O dulcissime rerum,
non bonitatis erat deseruisse tuae:
te flemus semper: sine te quid vita iuvabit?
in turba non te sospite solus ero.
Ut tum secerni corpusque animamque pigebat,
cum feriente truci morte petitus eras:
sic ego te semper doleo, carissime, raptum,
flebilis et vitam dissociatus ago.
Non nos vidistis spatiantes, pascua Cami,
limitibus notis, quotquot iere dies?
cuncta meum studium cognovit conscia silva;
arbor quaeque tui testis amoris erat.
Hinc et in aeternum silvae languete decorae,
brachia vel tegmen densa ligate pium:
quid lux cum miseris? tenebris obducite lucem:
scilicet in tenebris nunc iacet ille meus.

XXXII

WINTER NIGHTS

NOW winter nights enlarge the number of their
hours ;

and clouds their storms discharge upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze and cups o'erflow with
wine ;

let well-tuned words amaze with harmony divine !
now yellow waxen lights shall wait on honey love,
while youthful masques and courtly sights sleep's spells
remove.

This time doth well dispense with lover's long discourse ;
much speech hath some defence, though beauty no
remorse.

All do not all things well :
some measures comely tread,
some knotted riddles tell,
some poems smoothly read.

The summer hath his joys,
and winter his delights ;
though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
they shorten tedious nights.

T. CAMPION.



XXXII

BRUMA subit: plures nox longior occupat horas:
in turres rapidis decedit imber aquis.
Igne foci fument: servi cratera coronent;
vox arguta sonis carmina grata crepet.
Cerea lustrabit iuvenes candela calentes;
lusibus et cultis, somne, recede iocis:
in bruma sermo nimius ne detur amanti;
verborum renuit pulchra puella moras.
Ars sua quemque decet: non omnia possumus omnes;
nescio quis saltans crura decora movet.
Hi dant ambages quas cetera turba resolvat,
hi recitant molli carmina digna sono.
Omnibus ex aequo sua gaudia porrigit aestas;
laetitiam propriam testificatur hiems.
Ut non in pretio varius sit lusus amorum;
oblectat tenebras praecipitatque diem.

XXXIII

THIS said, he sat, and expectation held
 This look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
 to second, or oppose, or undertake
 the perilous attempt; but all sate mute,
 pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
 in other's count'nance read his own dismay,
 astonisht: none among the choice and prime
 of those Heav'n-warring champions could be found
 so hardy as to proffer or accept
 alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
 above his fellows, with monarchal pride
 conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

MILTON.

XXXIII

SIC fatus sedit: suspensumque anxia vultum
spes tenet, exspectatque animo quis iussa secundet
ardua, quis tendat contra, quis sumat honorem
tanti operis: restant cuncti mussantque silentes
atque imo secum sub corde pericula versant:
quisque sua tristem spectat formidine vultum
vicini attonitus: tanta de prole repertus
caelicolum nemo egregius virtute vel armis,
qui solus dirum illud iter promitteret ultro,
impositum aut sibi susciperet: tum denique princeps,
quem supra socios non enarrabilis effert
gloria, regali fastu imperterritus audax,
consciis eximiae laudis, sic farier infit.

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